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A Masque of Rockport

IN FIVE SCENES

BASED ON THE HISTORY OF THE TOWN FROM 1614-1914

WITH SPOKEN WORDS, DANCES, PANTOMIME AND SONG

WRITTEN BY

VIRGINIA TANNER

AND PRESENTED OUT-OF-DOORS BY THE

PEOPLE OF ROCKPORT

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

WOMAN'S AUXILIARY TO THE LEANDER M. HASKINS HOSPITAL

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE HOSPITAL

JULY 29, AFTERNOON AND EVENING

AT ROCKPORT, MASSACHUSETTS

ROCKPORT REVIEW PRINTERY

SCENES OF THE MASQUE

I

Nature.

II

The Red Men of Wingaersheek.

III

The Explorers.

IV

The First Settlers of Sandy Bay.

V

The Desolation of the War.

VI

The Crowning of Rockport.

THE DANCES OF THE MASQUE

1. The Spirit of Nature Summons the Children of Wingaersheek.
2. Dance of Worship by Indian Women.
3. Indian War Dance.
4. The Coming of the Adventurers.
5. Civilization Drives the Indians from the Land.
6. Industry Brings her Gifts to the Pioneers.
7. The Children's Dance.
8. The Spirit of War.
9. The Coming of Want.
10. Industry Triumphs over Want.
    Finale.

Music used in the Masque, from real Indian Melodies; old tunes and from Brownoff, Tschaikowsky, Grieg, Luigini, Gounod, etc.

Orchestra under direction of Miss Hannah Randall.

COMMITTEE ON MASQUE

Mrs. R. L. Emery, Mrs. J. M. Wetherell, Miss Mary B. Tupper, Mis Mary Bartlett, Mrs. Louis Chandler, Mrs. Geo. Sargent, Mrs. Eli Got Mrs. Stephen Marston, Mrs. Susie Knowlton, Mrs. W. W. Campbel Miss Bertha Driver, Miss Ida Davidson, Mrs. Frank Fears, Mrs. Charle Knowlton, Mrs. Albert French, Mrs. Archie Walen.

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A Masque of Rockport

Into the silence steal the reedy notes of a plaintive old world air. The Spirit of Nature comes shyly from behind the rock, veiling her eyes with her long hair. In happy content, she dances on the grass, laughing and playing with the flowers and trees. Lonely for companionship, she bethinks herself of those that people her world, climbing the rock in her search for them. The dance dies away. Crouching and swaying she croons to the children of Nature,—

Come my Children
Come to the land you love
To the sandy bay that feeds you,
To the rocks which reflect the sun,
Children of Wingaersheek,
Come my Children,
Come.

The Red Man from all sides creep to the place. The Spirit of Nature bends ever lower to the rock, high over their heads, until in the vines which cover it she is hidden from their sight.

The women practice their humble arts, setting up the wigwam, building the fire, and grinding the corn. The men drive in the totem pole, squatting beside it to sharpen and polish their arrows and spears. To the slow rythm of their song, the Indian maidens dance a ritual dance in worship of Nature, with gesture symbolic of their corn-planting. The Spirit of Nature pushes away the vines which cover her, shakes back her hair, and of a sudden stands visible above them.

The dance grows wilder. At its height, sounds a bugle blast, once, twice, and again, ever louder and clearer.

The Indians cease their labor, and huddle in terror. The Spirit of Nature springs before them to face the unknown. Adventure—a youth, strong, hardy, and bold, leaps upon the scene. They gaze at one another in silence. The Spirit of Nature speaks first.

Who comes hither?

Adventure— *I am the vision of men's hopes*
I am the leader of their minds,
I am the master of their souls.

For my sake men leave the warm hearth-fire, the silken banquet halls, and the love of women.
For my sake they brave the salt spray and the bitter wind, to a new land.
For my sake some sink in forest swamps dream-lulled, some sleep wave-torn on distant sands, and some fight ever forward to the goal.
Men follow where I would lead. I am the Spirit of Adventure.

Nature— *My people shall not follow you*
Adventure— *Fear not.*
I come to see and not to take. I leave an old world to sate my eyes, not glut my hands.
Behold the voyagers to a new land!

The Explorer, with some of his boatmen and standard bearers, steps upon the land. By means of signs they ask direction. The Explorer traces a rude map in charcoal upon a strip of bark torn from the wigwam. The Sagamore grunts his comprehension and completes the shore line. The White men mingle freely with the Indians in friendly fashion.

Suddenly an Indian leaps to the pole, striking deep with his weapon, another follows with the war-cry, the tom toms sound quicker, exciting them to the War-Dance. The white men stand idly watching, their Captain the centre of the swift-moving dance. The rythm is broken by a wild Indian cry as a concerted attack is made upon the white leader. In an instant they have him prone, and helpless, the Chief stands taut with upraised war-club ready to kill, when the Spirit of Nature throws herself between them, crying

Spare the White Man!

The Indians sullenly withdraw, the sailors run to their Captain with weapons ready drawn. The Spirit of Nature stands between them still.

Once again is heard the bugle blast. The Spirit of Adventure is seen pointing to the distance. The Captain signals his men to sheath their weapons.

Adventure calls—

he says, and pursues the figure that leads them on and ever on, out of the Indians sight.

In their stead there is seen a shimmering and alluring figure, dancing alone in the distance. As she comes nearer she smiles to the Indians, and scatters bright colored baubles at their feet. The Red Men hunt eagerly for the glittering toys, and crowd about her in childish delight. The Spirit of Nature tries in vain to lead them away. They fawn about the new comer but the more. At length they even kneel to her in subjection. At that she suddenly changes her whole being. The smiles and enticements are gone, in their place scorn and cruelty. With the very gifts with which she has won them she whips them from her. Little by little she drives them away, until the hearth fire trodden out, the wigwam destroyed, the Indians scatter and disappear. Only the abandoned totem pole, symbol of their tribe, is left to mark the spot of their habitation.

The Spirit of Nature stands weeping by the rock, powerless over so powerful a foe. The Newcomer goes to her and touches her shoulder, speaking—

Weep not! Daughter of the Wonderland!
Spirit of Nature— *Woe is on the land. You have brought destruction to the people of Wingaersheck.*

Civilization— *Weep not! I say.*
You turned him I follow from this place. Me you cannot.
Adventure has come, played the while, and gone.
But I am come to work and stay.

Spirit of Nature—*Ah Woe, Woe, The People of Wingaersheek are no more.*

Civilization— *Many visaged, many visioned, I prepare the place for a new race. A race shall acclaim me, even as they acclaimed you.*
Civilization shall over rule Nature!

The Spirit of Nature bows in submission at her feet, together they watch for the new race.

Then come the Pioneers of Sandy Bay, sturdy, God-fearing men and women of the soil, ladened heavily with the homely implements of their work. They set down their burdens, chattering and directing the placing of their belongings. One of the men lifts his face to the sky. They become silent. He kneels, and one by one the men, women and children kneel about him.

The First Settler—*Oh! God, we kneel to thee on this new land, humbly to ask thy blessing on this our settlement of Sandy Bay. We beseech thee,*
Our Father, to give us strength and courage, that we may bring civilization to the wilderness, and industry to our hearth.
Help us Oh! Lord, thy children pray! Amen.

One after another the new Settlers repeat:

Amen.

Great stir and bustle begins. The Settlers light the hearth-fire with the long-forgotten totem-pole, and set up the standard of their race. They unpack their belongings, begin the daily stint of spinning, make ready the pot for the fire—The children play happily.

As the daily toil goes on Industry, followed by the maidens of the sea, the growing corn, and the grey stone, brings to the workers her gifts, the fruits of their labors, the fisheries, the farm produce, and the granite. The Settlers joyfully gather in their plenty. There is now leisure to watch the children at their dancing-games, and the Settlers can afford to idle for the moment.

To the peaceful home, come War, in flaming red, clashing her two swords to incite them to arms. At her command they tear down the standard they have raised, and rally to her cause. The men drop their work, snatch any weapon nearest at hand, pitch-fork or musket, and gathering from all the country, march away.

The women bravely watch the departure of their loved-ones. When the last one has disappeared from sight, and the sound of the fife and drum is heard no more, they sadly gather their children about the deserted hearth and mourn the desolation of their home.

Want—In strange and uncouth forms, hunger, fear, despair,—comes upon them. The women cower, beaten to the ground, as they feel the touch of her passing garments.

Then a note sounds, sweet and true. White winged hope stands on the rock above their heads. She raises the silver trumpet to her lips. Again the sweet note sounds and they listen. She drops the trumpet and speaks to them.

Lift up your eyes, Oh! ye of sorrow, Hope bids you face the future!

The women raise their eyes fearfully to a strange sight.

Industry has returned and challenges the power of Want. The turbulence of their conflict is as the noise of the storm. To this side and that the power falls, until triumphant, Industry overcomes Want. The people of Sandy Bay may again enjoy the plenty from their toil.

Hope speaks to them again—

Want is driven from your homes, Oh! Settlers of Sandy Bay! Lift your eyes yet higher. Behold an ideal nobler than your eyes have ever seen.
The Vision of Rockport.
Cherish in your hearts, ye Citizens of a future Township, co-oporation, civic love, fellowship and the common weal. Bind of them a chaplet, which succeeding generations may make so strong, that when your vision of Rockport comes, she may be fittingly crowned.
Lift your eyes still higher, you shall behold the vision.

As the people of Sandy Bay wind the garland, the men and women of succeeding generations in quaintly fashioned garbs join the workers to add their part. The golden crown is finally wreathed, the hands that made it work no more.

The Vision of Rockport, dazzling in her Civic robes, followed by many attendants, comes to the waiting throng. The Red Men, and the Explorers, who long ago played their part in her conception, crowd the scene.

We of today, turning to her in fealty, place the crown of long-making upon her head, and our voices take up the cheer of cheers. As they pass from our sight, these stauncher men and women of the townstead, the hymn of our country rises from our hearts.

The Masque is done.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Spirit of Nature, — Miss Vianna Knowlton

The Red Men of Wingaersheek.

Chief, Edward Hale.

Indian Men, Donald Frost, Thomas Worcester, Paul Means, Sidney Maddocks, Kenneth Perkins, Newton Bailey, Paul Bray, Raymond Sargent.

Indian Women, Margaret Mason, Ruth Shirley Tuttle, Margaret Campbell, Ruth Lane, Gladys Daggett.

Indian Girls, Esther Story, Edith Todd, Gertrude Parker, Ruth Parker, Alba Ratti, Evelyn Lane, Edna Welsh, Vera Head, Helen Wetherell, Arline Pushee, Margaret McKie.

Spirit of Adventure, — Leonard Roffey

Capt. John Smith, the Explorer, — Mr. Will T. Norwood

His Men and Standard Bearers, Mr. Elmer Burgess, Mr. Charles Wallace, John Borgstrom, John Peterson.

Spirit of Civilization, — Miss Virginia Tanner

The First Settlers of Sandy Bay, representing the families of Richard Tarr, David Babson, John Day, John Pool, Miss Annie Choate, Miss Ida Davison, Mrs. Carrie Tibbetts, Emma Tibbetts, Mrs. Addie Dodd, Miss Esther Stevens, Mrs. Rena Grimes, Miss Isabel Knowlton, Miss Louisa Knowlton, Miss Alice York, Mr. Frank Elwell.

Fiddler, — Alden Bartlett.

Children, — Llewelyn Martin, Clarence Chandler, Robert Rogers, Charles Rogers, Leonora Chandler, Katheryn Rogers, Isabel Knowlton, Louisa Knowlton, Ellen Marshall, Virginia Grimes, Virginia Wries, Elizabeth French, Viola Green, Louise Jewel, Marion Stevens, Harriet Knowlton, Kenneth Stevens.

Industry, Miss Alice Worcester

Her gifts of The Sea, The Growing Corn and The Granite.

Corn, Sarah Fears, Edna Gadd, Helen Lynch.

Granite, Elsie McGrath, Jennie Henderson, Gladys Stimson.

The Sea, Dorothy Canaga, Esther Swanson, Margaret Tufts,

The Spirit of War, Miss Evylth Walen

Minute Men of Sandy Bay, C. L. Haskell, Merton Bean, Richard Swanson, Harry Floyd, James Tilson, Edward Rowe, Albert Pushee, David Babson, Maynard Orr, Daniel Gill, Ernest Stevens, Lester Stevens, Harold Stevens, Howard Anderson, Wilfred Anderson

Want, Miss Gertrude Upham

Her followers, Hunger, Fear, Despair, Dorothy Randall, Doris Russell, Theresa York, Pauline Marshall, Priscilla Knowlton, Betty Liffler, Carrie Porter, Ellen Tufts, Josephine Cox.

Hope, Miss Barbara Worcester

Citizens of Sandy Bay, 1814, Mrs. C. Harry Rogers, Mary B. Tupper

Citizens of 1860, Mrs. Geo. Sargent, Virginia Sargent, Mildred Hodgkins, Myron Parsons.

Citizens of Rockport, Today, Emma McGrath, Edward Earle

The Vision of Rockport, Mrs. E. E. Cleaves

Her Attendants, Peace, Plenty, Prosperity, Education, etc., Geneva Smith, Mary Thomas, Maude Thomas.

The Masque in all detail, in the arrangement of dances, the dramatic action, the costuming, music, etc., is under the direction of Virginia Tanner.

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